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Counter Attack

"THE PROTECTION RACKET" WAS HIS WAY TO WEALTH. IN PEACE OR WAR, HE HAD BUT ONE AIM—TO MAKE MONEY. THEN THE HARD REALITIES OF WAR HIT HIM ...



Chapter 1. ***FIRE RESCUE***

THIS IS THE STORY OF DAPPER DAN MALONEY, RULER OF A GANGLAND "PRINCIPALITY" IN THE MARYVILLE SECTION OF LAKESIDE, U.S.A., IN 1942...



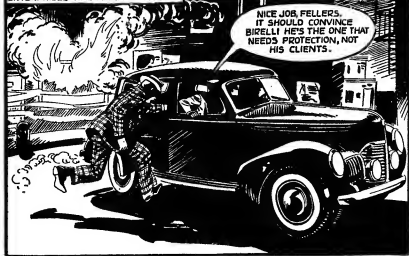
A WORD FROM MALONEY, AND THE OFFICE OF HIS RIVAL IN THE PROTECTION RACKET BECAME A TARGET FOR THREE "HOODS".



THERE WAS A CRASH OF GLASS, QUICKLY FOLLOWED BY THREE MUFFLED REPORTS.



MORE INCENDIARY GRENADES WERE THROWN. IN NO TIME, THE OFFICE OF BIRELLI ENTERPRISES WAS AN INFERNO.



DAPPER DAN MALONEY GAVE HIS HOODLUM DRIVER A CRISP COMMAND.



BUT NEXT MOMENT THAT ORDER WAS COUNTERMANDED...

STOP THE CAR!
THERE'S TWO
KIDS UP THERE!
I THOUGHT THOSE
UPPER FLOORS
WERE EMPTY!

SO THEY AIN'T
EMPTY, BOSS! THE
CARETAKER'S KIDS
ARE IN THE BUILDING.
WHAT OF IT?



MALONEY DOUBLED ACROSS THE STREET, A TOUGH, STOCKY FIGURE IN A 200-DOLLAR TUXEDO SUIT.



HE RACED UP WORM-EATEN FLIGHTS OF STAIRS—THROUGH A WARREN OF CORRIDORS. IT TOOK HIM PRECIOUS MINUTES TO LOCATE THE ROOM HE WAS SEEKING.



HE SNATCHED UP THE INFANT AND TURNED FROM THE APARTMENT.



Counter Attack



NEXT HE RESCUED THE LITTLE GIRL.

BEDAO, IS
THAT DAPPER DAN
I SEE ?

IT IS THAT,
LOO'TENANT, AND A
CAR LOAD OF HIS
HOODLUMS WAS HERE
NOT SO LONG AGO.
THEY DROVE OFF AS
I SHOWED UP.

FINALLY, DAN MALONEY BROUGHT OUT THE BOY.

EET'S-A MALONEY/
HE'S-A DONE THEES TO MY
OFFICE, THE NO-GOOD MICK,
I KEEL HEEM/

PUT THAT GAT
AWAY, BIRELLI, / AND
CALL OFF YOUR HOODS,
OR ELSE /

GUNPLAY WAS AVERTED.
NEXT DAY, MALONEY
INTERVIEWED A LAWYER
OF SHAQY REPUTE WHO
WAS ON HIS PAYROLL.

DAN, YOU'RE IN
TROUBLE. BY AN ACT
OF SENTIMENTAL
STUPIDITY YOU BLEW
A PERFECTLY GOOD
ALIBI SKY-HIGH.

IT'S THE IRISH
IN ME, SAM. I'VE A
SOFT SPOT FOR KIDS.
ANYWAY, WE'VE INFLUENCE
IN THIS TOWN, AIN'T WE? ♡
HALF THE CITY COUNCIL'S
BOUGHT AND PAID
FOR.

IT'S THE TOWNSFOLK YOU HAVE
TO WORRY ABOUT, NOT THE CITY COUNCIL.
PRESS AND PEOPLE ARE OUT FOR YOUR
SCALP! THE WAY THEY LOOK AT IT,
YOU'RE NO HERO FOR SAVING THOSE
KIDS. YOU'RE JUST THE RAT WHO
PUT THEIR LIVES IN JEOPARDY!

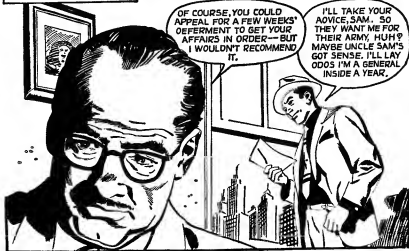
I TELL YOU, DAN,
LAKESIDE'S SUDDENLY
BECOME TOO HOT FOR YOU.
THE AUTHORITIES WILL BE
FORCED TO ACT IF YOU
STICK AROUND.

YOU
MEAN
I SHOULD
QUIT
TOWN,
HUH? ♡

THE SHYSTER-LAWYER HELD UP A PAPER.



IT TOOK 15 MINUTES TO CONVINCE OAN THAT A GOVERNMENT CALL-UP WAS "A RAP" HE COULD NEVER BEAT.



Chapter 2. *THE LIBERATORS*

LANDING-CRAFT STREAMED IN TOWARDS A SICILIAN BEACH. A U.S. GENERAL WATCHED FROM A BATTLESHIP'S RAIL...



DAN MALONEY WAS PRESENT ON THAT JULY DAY OF 1943. BUT NOT AS A GENERAL...

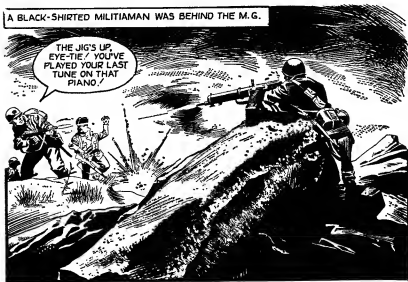




DAN BARKED OUT THE NAMES OF FOUR MEN AND LED THEM ACROSS THE BEACH IN A FIERCE RUSH.



A BLACK-SHIRTED MILITIAMAN WAS BEHIND THE M.G.





ALL ALONG THE COAST, RESISTANCE WAS CRUMBLING. THE INVADING FORCES PUSHED INLAND.

VIVA AMERICA /
VIVA GRAN
BRETAGNA !

VIVA WINSTON CHURCHILL /
VIVA IL PRESIDENTE ROOSEVELT /
MUSSOLINI NO GOOD !



BUT THERE WAS OPPOSITION FARTHER ON...

GET
OFF THE
ROAD !

SCATTER,
AND HIT THE GIRT!
MOVE !





THE SUBALTERN OUTLINED A PLAN. THE PLATOON MORTARMAN WAS INSTRUCTED TO LAY A SMOKE-SCREEN.



Counter Attack

THE PLAN WORKED. HEADED BY HENDRY AND DAN, AN ASSAULT-GROUP SWEEPED INTO THE TOWN BY A SIDE-STREET.



DAN MALONEY LET DRIVE AS A POTATO-MASHER GRENADE HURTLED THROUGH THE AIR.



THE GERMAN GRENADE HIT THE WALL OF A HOUSE—AND BURST SHATTERINGLY.



THERE'S NOT A MARK ON HIM, BUT HE'S OUT COLD.

LEAVE HIM WHERE HE IS FOR NOW. WE'VE A MESS OF KRAUTS TO MOP UP.



Counter Attack

THE ASSAULT-PARTY STORMED INTO ARMIRONA'S MAIN STREET. ANOTHER GRENADE WAS HURLED.



A SCHMEISSER BABBLLED
SUDDENLY. BULLETS BIT
A FURROW ALONGSIDE
THE IRISH-AMERICAN.

WHERE THE
SAM HILL'S THAT
FIRE COMING
FROM?

HE PINPOINTED THE SOURCE, AND SPRAYED AN UPPER WINDOW WITH HIS THOMPSON
SUB-MACHINE GUN.



Counter Attack

THE AMERICANS
PUSHED ON ALONG
ARMIRONA'S MAIN
STREET.

COME ON,
WE'LL MAKE FOR
THE SOUTH SIDE OF
THE TOWN WHERE
THE SMOKE-SCREEN
WAS LAID.



TAKEN FROM THE REAR, THE REMAINING GERMANS WERE QUICKLY "WINKLED OUT"...

BRODIE--LARSEN--TAKE CHARGE
OF THE KRAUTS AND MARCH 'EM TO
BATTALION H.Q.



NOW THAT THE SHOOTING WAS OVER, TOWNSFOLK FILLED THE STREETS IN CLAMOROUS WELCOME.



THE LOCAL DOCTOR EXAMINED HENDRY IN HIS SURGERY.



THAT EVENING WHEN DAN CALLED AT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE, HENDRY WAS STILL UNCONSCIOUS.



THE SERGEANT WAS INTERRUPTED...

YOU
LOOKIN' FOR ME,
LARSEN ?

YEP. I JUST GOT BACK
WITH BRODIE. THE BOYS
TOLD ME I'D FIND YOU HERE.
I'VE A MESSAGE FROM THE
C.O. THERE WON'T BE NO
RELIEF FOR ANOTHER SEVEN
DAYS, BUT WE'RE TO HOLD
ON HERE AS LONG AS WE
POSSIBLY CAN.

WE CAN EXPECT COUNTER ATTACKS. A
NAZI S.S. UNIT HAS RE-TAKEN A VILLAGE
TEN MILES SOUTH-WEST OF HERE.
THEY BURNED IT AND BUTCHERED ITS
INHABITANTS FOR WELCOMING AMERICAN
TROOPS AS LIBERATORS.

AND WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO DEFEND
ARMIRONA WITHOUT
SUPPORT ?

WE'LL HAVE ARTILLERY SUPPORT,
AND THE C.O. HAS GIVEN US A RADIO-
SET SO WE CAN CALL FOR IT DIRECT.
ONE MORE THING, SARGE. THERE'S A
BLOCK IN THE SUPPLY SYSTEM. WE'LL
NEED TO RELY ON THE PEOPLE HERE
TO FEED US.

WELL,
THEY'RE FRIENDLY
ENOUGH.

THE LOCAL DOCTOR INTERVENED MOROSELY.

THE PEOPLE OF ARMIRONA HAVE NO FOOD TO SPARE. THERE IS-A ONE BIG BLACK MARKET HERE - RUN BY A FEW INFLUENTIAL MEN. FOR YEARS THEY SQUEEZE MILLIONS OF LIRE OUT OF US...



HE TOLD A TALE OF CORRUPTION, TYRANNY AND EXTORTION, OF OFFICIALS WHO HAD TURNED A BLIND EYE...

THE CHIEF OF POLICE, HE IS-A PARTY TO IT. THERE ARE OTHERS, AMONG THEM THE MAYOR.

THE MAYOR, HUH? I'M USING HIS VILLA AS PLATOON HEAD-QUARTERS. I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH HIM.



TEN MINUTES LATER DAN MALONEY WAS IN PRIVATE CONSULTATION WITH "HIS HONOUR"...

YOU ARE WITHOUT RATIONS, SERGEANT? DO NOT WORRY. WE HAVE PLENTY FINE FOOD STORED AWAY. YOU AND YOUR MEN NO' GO HUNGRY.



YOU BET WE WON'T. MISTER MAYOR, GET THE REST OF YOUR BUNCH OF BLOOD-SUCKERS HERE FIRST THING TOMORROW. SEE? I'VE A PROPOSITION TO PUT UP.



THE EX-GANGSTER GAME TO THE POINT...

BUT PROVIDING YOU MAKE IT WORTH MY WHILE, GENTS, I'LL STAY. LET'S SEE, I FIGURE YOU COULD DIVVY UP A HUNDRED GRAND A DAY BETWEEN YOU. YEAH, A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY IS MY PRICE--OR LEASTWAYS ITS EQUIVALENT IN EYE-TIE CURRENCY.

YOU ARE PAZZO--A CRAZY MAN!

TWO KILOMETRES TO THE NORTH, A GUN BOOMED SECONDS AFTER, A BOMB STRUCK A NEARBY TOWER.

THE KRAUTS DON'T KNOW IT, BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE PUT THEIR SPOKE IN AT A BETTER TIME. THINK IT OVER, MAYOR BARBERINI. I'LL GIVE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS FIVE MINUTES TO COME UP WITH AN ANSWER.

SWEAT TRICKLED DOWN THE FACES OF THE ITALIANS AS THE FIVE MINUTES TICKED AWAY.

INCIDENTALLY, IF THAT KRAUT GUN'S BOTHERING YOU, I COULD CALL DOWN ARTILLERY FIRE AND HAVE IT BLOTTED OUT.

I THINK WE HAD BETTER COME TO TERMS, SIGNOR BARBERINI!

A FEVERISH DISCUSSION BY BARBERINI AND HIS CRONIES ENDED IN ACCEPTANCE. DETAILS AS TO PAYMENT WERE ARRANGED.

I'M GLAD WE SEE EYE TO EYE, GENTS. NOW LET'S GET DOWNSTAIRS, HUH? YOU KNOW, MISTER MAYOR, I FIGURE THE KRAUTS KNOW YOUR VILLA IS MY H.Q.

MAMMA MIA! YOU MAKE-A YOUR HEADQUARTERS SOME PLACE ELSE! P-PLEASE, SERGEANT - PLEASE!

GRINNINGLY, GAN AGREED TO THE MAYOR'S FRANTIC REQUEST.

SURE, FATSO, SURE. I'LL MOVE OUT. BUT IT'LL COST YOU EXTRA-FIVE THOUSAND BUCKS!

Chapter 3. *REPULSE!*

A DOWN-PAYMENT HAD BEEN MADE. A CALL FOR AN ARTILLERY-CONCENTRATION WAS BEING TRANSMITTED...



SINGLE RANGING-SHELLS FLUTTERED OVER. CORRECTIONS WERE MADE. FINALLY, A SALVO COURSED THROUGH THE SKY.



HIGH-EXPLOSIVE
PULVERISED THE
ENEMY EIGHTY-EIGHT
GUN POSITION.



A SPELL OF
INACTION
FOLLOWED.
IT DID NOT
LAST LONG...

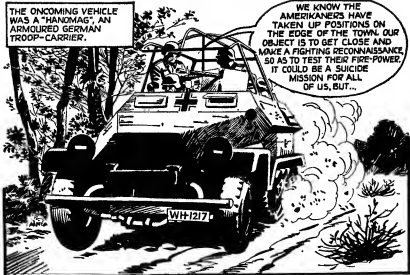
WHAT
KIND OF A
BATTLE-BUGGY
IS THAT,
SARGE?

AT THIS
DISTANCE,
YOUR GUESS IS
AS GOOD AS
MINE /



THE ONCOMING VEHICLE WAS A "HANDMAG", AN ARMoured GERMAN TROOP-CARRIER.

WE KNOW THE AMERIKANERS HAVE TAKEN UP POSITIONS ON THE EDGE OF THE TOWN. OUR OBJECT IS TO GET CLOSE AND MAKE A FIGHTING RECONNAISSANCE, SO AS TO TEST THEIR FIRE-POWER. IT COULD BE A SUICIDE MISSION FOR ALL OF US, BUT...



MEANWHILE, ANXIOUS EYES WERE WATCHING THE HANDMAG'S BOLD PROGRESS.



THE KRAUTS'VE GOT NERVE. FOR ALL THEY KNOW, WE COULD BE STRONG IN ANTI-TANK WEAPONS. AS IT IS, WE'VE NONE... NOT SO MUCH AS A BAZOOKA..

DAN MALONEY AND THE RADIO-OPERATOR
REJOINED THE PLATOON.



THE SERGEANT LOADED THE
WEAPON AND LOWERED THE
BARREL FOR FLAT TRAJECTORY.



HIS TARGET WAS THE HANDMAG'S NEAR-SIDE TRACK. THE BOMB SLAMMED INTO IT!



THE TROOP-CARRIER SLEWED OFF THE ROAD, SHUDDERED TO A STOP. DAN RELOADED AND FIRED AGAIN.



UNHARMED
BUT SHAKEN,
GREY-CLAD
FIGURES BALED
OUT OF THE
ARMOURED
VEHICLE.



THEY BEGAN A FIGHTING WITHDRAWAL, IN A HAIL OF
AMERICAN LEAD...

RAPID FIRE, YOUSE
GUYS! AND KEEP FIRING
AT THOSE KRAUTS TILL I
SAY DIFFERENT!



ONLY ONE OF THE NAZIS SURVIVED. HE REPORTED TO A HATCHET-FACED COMPANY COMMANDER.

I WOULD ESTIMATE THE AMERIKANERS AT SOME THIRTY MEN, HERR OBERLEUTNANT SCHILLER.

THUS VERIFYING OUR INFORMATION FROM INTELLIGENCE, AND WE ARE AT FULL COMPANY-STRENGTH, MORE THAN A HUNDRED. TRUE, AN ARTILLERY BARRAGE COULD MAKE SHORT WORK OF US, BUT I HAVE AN IDEA...



AWAY OUT THERE, A DRIED-UP RIVER-BED WANDERS FROM EAST TO WEST. AT ONE POINT IT IS ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY METRES FROM THE AMERIKANERS. IF WE FIRST MADE A DETOUR, EASTWARD TO THE ORISTANO AQUEDUCT...



IN A FEW MINUTES HE AND HIS MEN WERE ON THE MOVE. THEY EMERGED FROM THE WOOD'S EASTERN EDGE.

WE ARE IN VIEW OF THE ENEMY BUT BEYOND EFFECTIVE SMALL-ARMS' RANGE. NEVERTHELESS, WE'LL GIVE THEM NO OPPORTUNITY TO BRING DOWN ARTILLERY-FIRE ON US, MEN. DOUBLE-MARCH!



THEY GAINED THE SHADOW
OF THE AQUEDUCT.



MEANWHILE, THE AMERICANS HAD NOT
BEEN SLOW TO GRASP THE DANGER.

THE BOCHES WILL BE ABLE TO
GET RIGHT CLOSE TO US UNDER
COVER, SARGE. AND WE WON'T BE
ABLE TO DIRECT THE ARTILLERY
ON TO THEM UNTIL IT'S TOO
LATE.

I KNOW
IT, SOLDIER.
DON'T BUG
ME. I'M
THINKIN'.



AND SUDDENLY DAN HAD THE ANSWER
TO THE ENEMY'S STRATEGY...

GET ON THE AIR AGAIN.
CONTACT THE GUNNERS. I'VE
A FIRE-TASK FOR 'EM. TELL
'EM TO STAND BY FOR MAP
CO-ORDINATES!



SOON A SHELL WAS ON ITS WAY. THE SERGEANT WATCHED IT STRIKE.

CORRECTION...
FIFTY YARDS RIGHT.
PASS THE WORD.

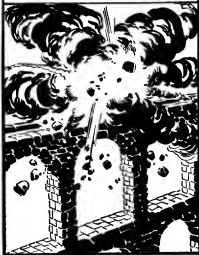
OKAY,
SARGÉ.



A SECOND AND THIRD SHELL
WERE FIRED, A SECOND AND
THIRD CORRECTION MADE.
THEN THE FOURTH SHELL...

IT'S A
BULLSEYE/
GOOD SHOOTING,
BOYS!

THE AQUEDUCT WAS BREACHED, IN A
RAGGED BLOTCH OF FLAME...



AND AS THE SMOKE OF THE EXPLOSION
SWIRLED ON HIGH...



A RAGING TORRENT
POURED DOWN THE
DRIED-UP RIVER-BED.

HIMMEL!



THE DELUGE CAUGHT UP WITH THE NAZIS, ENGULFING THE HINDMOST.

HELP ME,
SOMEONE! I
CAN'T SWIM
A STROKE!

AAACH!



Counter Attack

FRANTIC WITH FEAR, MANY OF THEM SCRABBLED UP THE NORTH BANK. OTHERS NEVER MANAGED TO MAKE THE CLIMB.



THOSE WHO SURVIVED WERE STILL FORMIDABLE IN NUMBERS. YET THEY WERE IN NO SHAPE TO FIGHT.

MOST OF THE MEN ARE LIKE HALF-DROWNED RATS. AND HALF OF THEM ARE WITHOUT FIREARMS.



OBERLEUTNANT SCHILLER GAVE THE ORDER TO RETIRE.

FOR THE TIME BEING, FELDWEBEL, WE'LL BE OBLIGED TO PLAY A WAITING GAME. BUT NEVER FEAR, WE'LL RE-TAKE ARMIRONA. WE SHALL RETURN TO THE OFFENSIVE AS SOON AS WE'VE BEEN RE-EQUIPPED.



Chapter 4. THE LAST ASSAULT

EVERY MORNING, DAN MALONEY PAID A VISIT TO THE MAYOR'S VILLA...



AND EACH MORNING HE PAID ANOTHER CALL, BUT WITH A VERY DIFFERENT MOTIVE IN MIND...



HOWEVER, THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE TENENTE HENDRY IS-A EXCELLENT, SERGEANT.

GOOO! NOW HERE'S THE USUAL CUT FROM THE DAILY COLLECTION, DOC. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT.



Counter Attack

MEANWHILE, THE NAZIS WERE BEING RE-EQUIPPED AND REINFORCED. THEY MOUNTED RESOLUTE ATTACKS, ONE AT DAWN...



ONLY A FEW OF THE NAZIS GAINED THE AMERICAN POSITIONS.



AND THEY WERE SWIFTLY
DEALT WITH...

KNOCK IT OFF, YOUSE GUYS /
CEASE FIRE / NO SENSE IN WASTING
SLUGS / WE AIN'T THAT WELL-OFF
IN AMMO.



NEXT, THE NAZIS TRIED ATTACKING AT DEAD OF NIGHT, BUT THE AMERICAN LOOK-OUTS
WERE ALERT AND WAITING.

THEY ARE
FILLING THE SKY
WITH FLARES / MAKE
HASTE! SCHNELL!



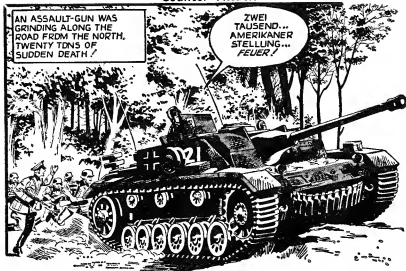
Counter Attack

IN THAT BLINDING LIGHT, THE NAZI-CRAMMED ASSAULT-BOATS WERE SITTING DUCKS. THE AMERICAN SHELLS WERE DEVASTATINGLY ACCURATE ...



THERE WERE OTHER ATTEMPTS TO TAKE THE AMERICANS BY SURPRISE. ALL FAILED. THEN, ON THE SIXTH MORNING ...





A SHELL LASHED FROM THE MUZZLE OF THE GERMAN ASSAULT-GUN. IT BURST CLOSE TO DAN...

HEY, SOLDIER, GET ON THE RADIO AND CONTACT THE BATTERY, IT'LL BE A LUCKY PUNCH IF WE MANAGE TO SCORE A HIT ON THAT KRAUT ASSAULT-GUN. STILL IT'S WORTH A TRY...




THE GERMAN GUN BLURTED SAVAGELY AGAIN. ITS SECOND SHELL SCREAMED INTO THE TARGET-AREA.

AAAAAARGH!



WITH THE RADIO-LINK PERMANENTLY CUT, OAN HAD TO THINK FAST.

IF WE STAY OUT HERE, THAT KRAUT GUN-TEAM WILL KEEP THEIR DISTANCE AND POUND US INTO THE DIRT. OUR BEST BET IS TO PULL BACK INTO THE TOWN.



THE AMERICANS DOUBLED FROM THEIR FOXHOLES.

THAT FILLING-STATION GIVES ME AN IDEA.



THE STOCKY IRISH-AMERICAN
SLITHERED TO A HALT.

I'M STAYING HERE. THE
REST OF YOU GO ON DOWN THE
STREET FOR THIRTY OR FORTY
YARDS. DIVE INTO THE HOUSES
ON EACH SIDE, SEE ?



NEXT MOMENT,
HE RAN INTO
THE GARAGE...

GET ME SOME CANS OF
GAS...BENZINA...PETROLIO...
SAVVY ? THEN SHOW ME
THE WAY TO THE ROOF. YOU
UNDERSTAND, HUH ?
COMPRENDE ?

SI, SI,
SIGNOR.
COMPRENDO..

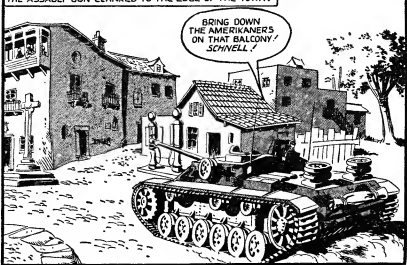


Counter Attack

DAN'S ORDER WAS OBEYED. FROM THE ROOF OF THE GARAGE HE SCANNED THE NORTH ROAD.



THE ASSAULT-GUN CLANKED TO THE EDGE OF THE TOWN.



THE 75MM. GUN BELTED OUT FLAME AND STEEL. THE WHOLE STREET SHUDDERED TO A THUNDERCLAP DETONATION.



GOOD! NOW DRIVER, ON INTO THE MAIN STREET. BUT SLOWLY, WITH CAUTION...AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, ALL OF YOU!

THE ARMoured-FIGHTING-VEHICLE LURCHED CLOSER TO THE FILLING-STATION.



HERE'S WHERE YOU GET THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF WHAT'S COMING TO YOU, KRAUTS!

DAN HURLED A CAN OF PETROL. INSPIRED BY HIS EXAMPLE, THE ITALIAN GARAGE HANDS FOLLOWED HIS EXAMPLE.



BUT ALMOST INSTANTLY...





FROM OTHER ROOF-TOPS, FROM UPPER WINDOWS, MEN OF DAN'S PLATOON THREW A SHOWER OF PERCUSSION-GRENADES.



GEAR-TEETH GRATED. A MAYBACH ENGINE ROARED. ITS BLARE WAS SUDDENLY BLOTTED OUT BY A VOLLEY OF CONCUSSIONS.

TEUFEL!
I CAN GUESS WHAT
WILL HAPPEN
NOW!



FLAMES SOARED FROM THE PETROL-DRENCHED IRONCLAD. IT VEERED WILDLY IN FULL REVERSE AS THE DRIVER PANICKED.

THE DEVIL
IS LET LOOSE!
IT'S EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF!





DAN FINISHED UP ON A PILE OF RUBBLE. A FIERCE HEAT BEAT AGAINST HIM.

THERE'S AMMO ABOARD THAT NAZI
IRONCLAD, AND THE AIR'S THICK WITH GASOLINE
FUMES BESIDES. THAT'S ONE HECK OF A COMBINATION.
ANY SECOND, SOMETHING'S GONNA GIVE AND IF
I CAN'T CRAWL AWAY...



HE NEVER DID CRAWL AWAY. THERE WAS
A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH, A BLAST
LIKE THE CRACK OF DOOM.



PRESENTLY HE HAD A VAGUE
IMPRESSION OF JACKBOOTED
MEN CLUMPING PAST HIM.





HENDRY LOWERED
HIS VOICE...



THE LIEUTENANT'S TONE SHARPENED AS HE SAW THE SECRETIVE LOOK IN THE IRISH-AMERICAN'S EYES.

MALONEY, AS SOON AS YOU'RE FIT TO TRAVEL THEY'RE SHIPPING YOU BACK TO THE STATES AND INVALIDING YOU OUT OF THE ARMY. YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT DOUGH WITH YOU, SO YOU MAY AS WELL TALK.



SERGEANT, IF YOU COME CLEAN I'LL SEE YOU GET THE CREDIT YOU DESERVE FOR SAVING ARMIRONA. OTHERWISE I'LL BE FORCED TO REPORT YOUR CONDUCT AND HAVE YOU COURT-MARTIALED FOR EXTORTION!



AT LENGTH, WITH RESIGNATION, DAN MALONEY SUBMITTED.

I BURIED THE MAZUMA, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE. BUT FIRST LET ME SAY I NEVER MEANT TO KEEP IT. ARMIRONA'S KIDS LOOK PRETTY UNDER-PRIVILEGED TO ME, AND I WANTED TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF SETTING UP A FUND FOR 'EM.



I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE THAT. BUT I DON'T. STILL IT'S A GOOD IDEA, AND I'M CERTAIN I CAN BROW-BEAT THAT CROOKED MAYOR AND HIS BLACK-MARKETEERS INTO CARRYING IT OUT.

WEEKS AFTERWARDS A CIVIC RECEPTION FOR A RETURNING HERO WAS PROVIDED BY LAKESIDE CITY, U. S. A...

NOW I RIDE IN A TICKER-TAPE JAMBOREE WITH THE TOWN'S BEST RESPECTED BIG-WIGS, BUT IN FORTY-TWO THEY WANTED MY BLOOD. WELL, THOSE DAYS ARE OVER FOR KEEPS. AS A BUSTED-UP WAR VETERAN, ALL I HANKER FOR IS A QUIET LIFE...



THE CITY'S HOMAGE INCLUDED A TRIUMPHANT DRIVE THROUGH THE MARYVILLE DISTRICT...

BUONA SERA, DANNY BOY!



DAN LOOKED UP AT GIRELLI. HE RAISED A HAND TO ACKNOWLEDGE THAT "EYGONES WERE EYGONES"—AND THEN HE GLARED.

THE NERVE OF THAT EYE-TALIAN GREASE-BALL! LOOK AT THE WAY HE'S SPELT A GRAND OLD IRISH NAME!



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**ALSO ON SALE NOW
FOR WAR THRILLS... ACTION... DRAMA...**

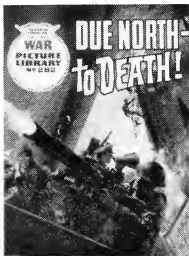
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No. 281—SHELLFIRE

No. 282—DUE NORTH—TO DEATH!



He used hate as a weapon—to whip a battle-weary infantry company to its feet and into action again.



Their mission was salvage—whether in the dangerous coastal waters or on the murderous "ice-run" to Russia.

ALSO NOW ON SALE :—

No. 280—THE LAST STAND

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LEATHERNECK

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No. 287—WARRIOR'S MOON

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